

MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE SPAGHETTI.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Nurse Jane, what are you going to do this evening?" asked Uncle Wiggily Longears, as the bunny rabbit gentleman came in off the porch of his hollow stump bungalow after supper.

"Why, Wiggy," answered the muskrat lady housekeeper, simple like and unaffected, "I don't know that I had anything special in mind to do. I could run over to see Mrs. Fuss-Puss, the kitty lady, and ask her about that new cat-stitch she makes around the edges of her dust cloth."

"How would you like to come to the moving pictures with me, Nurse Jane?" asked the bunny gentleman.

"I'd like it very much," answered Miss Fuss-Puss.

"And then what do you say to a little supper afterward?" asked the bunny gentleman. "Something simple, you know and unobtrusive like."

"Oh, that will be lovely!" cried Nurse Jane. "Are you sure it won't cost too much? You know the price of living is high and—"

"Well, just have some spaghetti or macaroni and cheese," said Uncle Wiggily. "That will not cost much, and it takes a good while to eat, so we can make our fun last a long time."

"Fine!" laughed Nurse Jane. "I'll be ready in a little while. All I have to do is put on my hat."

And before Uncle Wiggily could twinkle his pink nose twice Nurse Jane was all ready to go to the moving pictures and afterward to eat some spaghetti. The muskrat lady was very quick, you see.

The moving picture theater was not far from Uncle Wiggily's hollow stump bungalow, and as he was going in with Nurse Jane he saw Sammie and Susie Littlefield, Johnnie and Billie Hunsberr, the squirrel, Jack and Patsy Row, Wowie, the puppy dog, and Lulu, Alice and Jimmie Whitecobbles, the ducks, as well as many of the other animal children.

"Hello, Uncle Wiggily," called Sammie, the rabbit boy, and all the other girls and boys.

"Hello, my little friends!" answered the bunny.

Then they all went in to see the moving pictures of a boy riding a looking glass down hill to catch another boy who was bobbing up and down on a teeter-lauter.

It was a very funny picture, and Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane laughed like everything, especially when the teeter-lauter saw-saw came down with a bump and skidded the boy into the rainwater barrel.

"Well, now for our little spaghetti supper!" gaily cried the bunny rabbit, as he and Nurse Jane walked out of the animal movie picture place.

And when she and Uncle Wiggily were in the spaghetti restaurant, and

the lady mouse who waited on the table brought a plate full of the long, thin stretchy strings of spaghetti, Nurse Jane thought how nice it was to go out with Uncle Wiggily.

Many of their friends were in the restaurant. There were Mr. and Mrs. Whitecobbles, the ducks, Aunt Lettie, the goat lady, Grandma Whackum, the beaver gentleman, and Mr. and Mrs. Stubbins the bears.

"Oh, here's Uncle Wiggily!" they all called joyfully as the bunny gentleman and Nurse Jane walked in and began to eat.

Everything was going along nicely, the spaghetti and macaroni and cheese were just right, not too long or too stringy, and every one was having a good time, when, all at once, a voice called:

"Is Uncle Wiggily in there?"

"Yes, I'm here," answered the bunny rabbit gentleman. "Who wants me?"

"I do," said a harsh voice, and in bounced the bad old fox. "I came here to have supper with you, or, rather, off you!" went on the bad chap. "I haven't had any supper in a long time, so I'm going to eat you up."

"Yes, I shall take it!" snapped the fox.

"Oh, have some spaghetti instead!" cried Uncle Wiggily.

"I never eat spaghetti," snarled the fox.

"Well, I didn't ask you to eat it!" quickly answered the bunny. "Try it on the outside—this way!"

With that he threw a lot of the long strings and cords of spaghetti around the fox.

Uncle Wiggily wound up the cords of the stringy stuff, and the fox couldn't get loose at all. His paw was stuck, and so were his jaws, so he couldn't bite a piece of cheese, to say nothing of Uncle Wiggily's soup.

"Where, how do you like spaghetti?" asked the bunny, when the fox was all tangled up in a knot.

"Oh, I don't like it at all!" was the answer. But the fox could not help himself. And soon, all tied up in spaghetti as he was, a policeman dog took him away. So he didn't get the bunny's soup after all, and Nurse Jane and Mr. Longears had a fine time eating more spaghetti.

And if the apple pie doesn't jump in the bird cage with the gold fish when they're playing tag with the pussy cat, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the teeter-lauter see-saw.



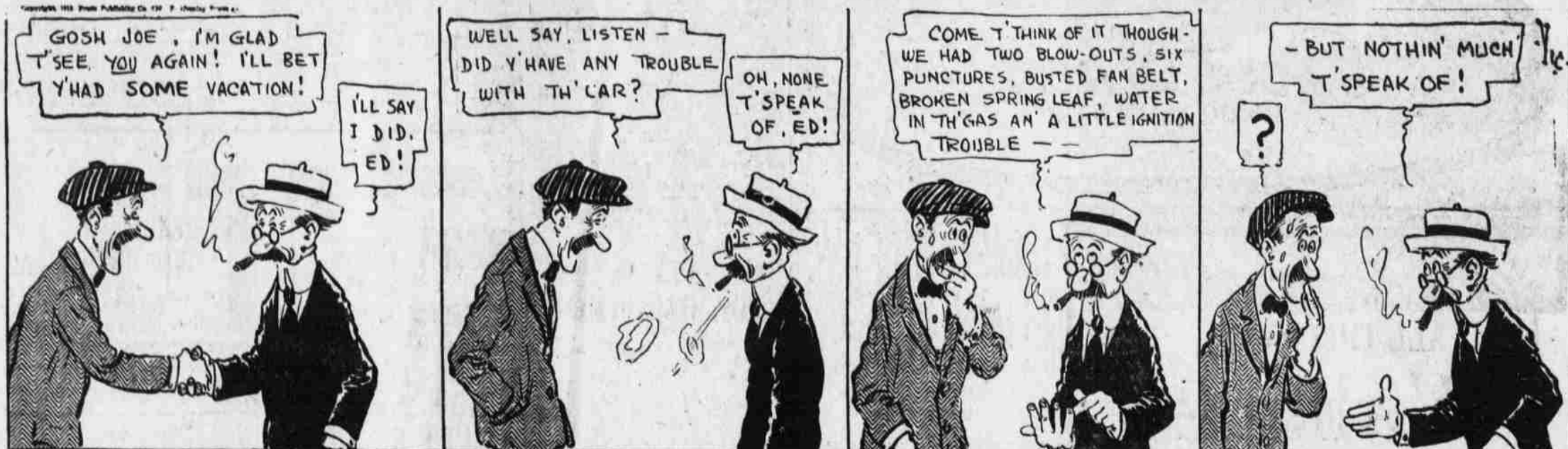
LITTLE MARY MIXUP—We Can See Mary Headed for a Political Career



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Unlucky Luke—The Shimmy Is Scratched Now



JOE'S CAR—If Joe Had Trouble He'd Be the First to Admit It



On the Spur of the Moment by Roy K. Moulton.

St. Smitherton was quite upset. And did some cussing, I regret To say, when told about July And how the country'd gone quite dry. He raved about, he fumed and fussed.

And as I said before, he cussed! A shocking thing for saints to do. But you can't blame him much, can you? And when his temper'd quite cooled down, When he had even ceased to frown, The lull was followed by remorse, Which made him want to weep, of course!

He shed great tears, enormous tears, For he'd not wept for many years! And to the earth away below Was where his tears all had to go. They fell in streams and never stop, From morn till night to earth they dropped.

Till all below were in despair, And there was mourning every-where. The people skidded through the town; Their "bumbershoots" were never down, And all were blue as indigo, Their spirits had been dampened so!

For 40 days the tears fell thus, For Smitherton was generous!

DO FISH LOVE?

(Newspaper headline.) A sad and lonely Cape Cod shad Cried to a sweet and charming cel: "I love you and I'm really sad, Because my love I can't conceal! If you'd know why my eyes are wet, The reason's this: You don't love me! Tonight I'll swim into a net And leave behind this frigid sea!" —Norman Stuckey.

SERENADE.

Under its dark towers the chateau is sleeping, Heavy with night dew the roses are weeping; Watch o'er the garden the soft stars are keeping, Tremulous, tender and bright.

Sweet, can you guess how my poor heart is breaking Here in the darkness where nothing is waking? Gosh! You can't think what a bad cold I'm taking Out on this damp grass at night! —C. Hamilton.

No use in kicking about prices in fashionable cafes. If a man doesn't want to go in, he doesn't have to.

Dr. Karl Muck, former leader of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will be open for engagements as soon as he is released from Fort Oglethorpe. The first engagement that should be forced upon him is to stand on a street corner and play "The Star Spangled Banner" all day on a slide trombone.

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY



The young lady across the way says fair play best every time and she notices that the baseball player who fouls the ball never gets anywhere by his trickery.

Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER. Compiled by the Sunshine Man.

O Lord my God, I cried unto Thee, and Thou hast heard me—Ps. xxx. 2. It is sometimes a small matter that hindereth and hideth grace from us; at least if anything can be called small, and not rather a weighty matter, which obstructeth so great a good.

And, if thou remove this, be it great or small, and perfectly overcome it, thou wilt have thy desire.

For immediately, as soon as thou givest thyself to God from thy whole heart, and seekest neither this nor that, according to thine own pleasure or will, but thyself wholly in Him, thou shalt find thyself united and at peace; for nothing can afford so sweet a relief, nothing be so delightful, as the good pleasure of the Divine Will.

—Thomas a Kempis.

If at any time this life of our grows feeble, or low, or lonely, I know no other remedy than to return to its Eternal Source, to God Himself; and through Him all the means of grace become again living and true; and through Him all His creatures become again near and dear and accessible—Elizabeth Rundle Charles. From "Joy and Strength."

Between dawn and dark there is time enough for the collisions of disinterestedness with selfishness in our dealings with our fellow creatures. In the life of our own home; time enough to meet or to evade the demands of honesty; time enough to confront the sturdy rebellion of passions and besetting sins against the spiritual nature; time enough to win or to lose heaven in Henry Wilder Foote.

Dayton, Ohio.



ONCE UPON a time, OUT IN San Francisco, THERE WAS a hotel manager, AND HE WAS tired, SHAKING HANDS with people, AND SMILING all the time, AND EATING his own food, AND HE wanted a rest, AND HE said to Tommy Keating, OR TO Charlie Badd, OR TO Victor the Chef, OR TO somebody, "I'M GOING AWAY," "UP TO Boise Springs," "WHERE I can run around," "WITHOUT ANY coat," "AND WITHOUT any collar," "AND I'M going to rest," AND SO one morning, WHEN THE sun was shining,

HE WENT down to the ferry, AND ACROSS to Oakland, AND TOOK a train, AND IN a few hours, HE WAS at Boise, AND HE changed his clothes, TO AN old suit, SO AS to save his good one, FOR GOING back home, AND SO when he pitched quilts, HE COULD wipe his hands on his pants, AND THE very first night, THAT HE was at Boise, THERE WAS a dance, IN AN old barn, AND HE went down there, AND THE music was played, BY A two-piece orchestra, ONE AT a banjo, AND ONE at a piano,

AND THE orchestra leader, WAS A light-haired boy, WITH A wonderful smile, AND AN outdoor complexion, AND TOWN store clothes, AND HOW he could play! AND AFTER the dance, THE HOTEL manager, WENT AND spoke to the boy, AND HE'D never had a lesson, AND HE couldn't read music, AND HE didn't think he was good, AND HE got red in the face, AND ANYWAY, JUST A few months later, THE HOTEL manager, SENT WORD to the boy, TO COME down to the city, AND THE boy came down, AND THE hotel manager, MADE HIM orchestra leader, OF A ten-piece orchestra, JUST TO play dance music, AND BOY, oh boy! YOU CAN take it from me, THAT HE made 'em play, AND NOW what do you think, WHY JUST this morning, WHEN MY mail came in, THERE WAS a card,

FROM THE Hotel Biltmore, IN NEW York city, AND IT says that Art Hickman, AND HIS celebrated orchestra, ARE GOING to be there, AND THEY'VE come all the way, FROM THE Boise barn, TO THE Top of the World, I THANK you.

HOROSCOPE

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1919. (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure News-Paper Syndicate.) This is rather a fortunate day, according to astrology. The sun and Jupiter are in strongly benefic aspect. Mars, Uranus and Saturn are adverse. All important matters should be pushed energetically while this rule prevails. It is especially favorable for initiative in business.

The way is most promising to those who desire to solicit support for any great commercial enterprise and is supposed to impart to persons in the sun a desire to be helpful.

Political plans are subject to the best direction during this configuration. Many surprises will change party alignment, the seers declare. Women, especially in the South, come under a rule making for unexpected developments. Ancient lore found this inclination of the planets most fortunate for those who bestowed gifts or asked extraordinary boons.

Gossip, especially that which concerns soldiers or persons in war work, is supposed to be stimulated by this day's planetary government which encourages the spread of evil report.

Canada has friendly stars that presage intense business activity and general prosperity. There is a forecast of pageants and ceremonies.

Switzerland will come into public dis-

News of Memphis 26 Years Ago Twice Told Tales News of Memphis 10 Years Ago.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1893. The cotton crop of the United States for the year ended August 3, amounts to 6,700,365 bales, showing the enormous decrease of 2,335,611 bales compared with the crop of 1891-92, according to Secretary Hester, of the New Orleans Cotton exchange.

The machinists of the Louisville & Nashville railroad say they will not return to work until the old scale of wages is restored. They were cut 10 per cent in wages.

Labor day was celebrated at Jackson Mountain park. Miss Mabel Shepard won the rope skipping contest and Andy McCoy was voted as the ugliest man on the grounds. Miss Minnie Goldsmith, the Little Danceress of the Lyceum Opera company, entertained the boys with dancing.

H. J. Forsdick is still taking subscriptions for the auditorium building which is nearing completion. The construction work probably will be completed by Oct. 1. The amphitheater will seat 5,000.

The retail grocers of Memphis are up in arms against the wholesalers, declaring that the latter are unethical and are selling groceries to consumers.

cussion at this time, owing to the conjunction of Mars, Jupiter and Neptune.

A serious earthquake is threatened for 46 degrees east longitude.

Through this whole month of September the greatest effort to ignore what seem to be threatening signs of perilous times will be necessary and warning is given against the recognition of seemingly discouraging world conditions.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of success in the coming year, but they should be cautious in money matters.

Children born on this day are likely to be popular and respected. The subjects of Virgo usually succeed best when employed.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1909. Rain, refreshing and welcome, falling in Memphis, breaking a long drought in the Memphis territory. The crops over almost the entire cotton belt have been severely damaged for the lack of rain.

Walter Talbert, candidate for mayor, has opened his campaign with a challenge to J. J. Williams, another candidate, demanding a party primary.

John T. Walsh, acting mayor of Memphis, refuses to grant John M. Couch, suspended captain of police, a trial until the return to the city of J. H. Malone, mayor.

It is rumored that Capt. W. W. Carnes will be a candidate for sheriff next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lang are visiting in New York and the East.

Miss Mary Mosby has returned to the city, having spent the summer studying at Columbia university.

Miss Jean Hope is en route to Virginia and Eastern points.

Misses Lotta and Rosa Goldstein have returned to the city after having spent a month with relatives and friends in Lake Providence, La.

WHY BILL SWORE.

Four witnesses, little fellows under 10 years of age, testified in the \$20,000 damage suit of a playmate. When they called at the office of the county clerk for their fees, they looked mighty big and proud. Acting for all the world like the spokesmen of the party in the name of all, asked for the fee, rectress of your claim," the county clerk said.

A puzzled look crossed the brow of the spokesman. "Swear, swear," he said, "all right," and he turned toward his companions. "Bill, you swear." Bill swore and the money was paid over.